BY LUKE SHARP.

Not to make a mystery of this story ing, as we go along with the recital of which Minnie Fleming and her husband played, I will state the facts of the case plainly at the beginning so that everyone may understand the situation.

Minnie Fleming was a subdued, quiet little woman with something do you to know? Have you a banking like ten times the amount of brains her | count?" husband possessed, but she was not aware of it and would have been very indignant if anyone had ventured to suggest such a thing, for she looked up to her husband with love, admiration

and respect. Knowing Jim Fleming well, it always seemed to me that his wife's adoration for him was entirely misplaced. This may be professional jealousy, for I have to admit that I never could read with patience anything Floming ever wrote. His work seemed to me, not to put it too plainly, guff of the slushiest sort, and there is too much of that kind of writing in the world now. Jim Fleming is a big, gruff, somewhat good-natured person with a thorough belief in his own latest." abilities, which, as I have intimated, most of us do not think justifiable by facts. He is the editor of "Pot-Shots," a London weekly that used to have a large circulation which is now generally understood to have fallen off on account of the tremendous competition there is in the journalistic business. It is a paper that offers two thousand pounds sterling insurance money to the heirs of a man who is killed by falling out of a balloon, if at the time of the disaster he happens to have a copy of "Pot-Shots" in his pocket.

Now it happened that Mrs. Minnie Fleming had literary ideas that were promptly crushed by her big husband. She possessed, as I have said, an amazing respect for his literary judgment, and with fear and trembling she had on several occasions submitted little stories to him, hoping that they might merit a place between the covers of encouragingly.

"But—but—" stammered Mrs. Flem-"Pot-Shots," but Am ridiculed the stupidity of these yarns so severely that Mrs. Fleming, after a quiet little ery all by herself, showed him no more ling. of these efforts at fiction. Nevertheless, she thought her stories, if not good enough for "Pot-Shots," might be palmed off on other less well edited journals, so she took to sending her the London publications, getting them back as a general rule, but having one | to-day, if it is to do any good." taken now and then-just enough success to keep up her courage. You may be sure that she took good care not to let her husband know anything of erature, but she hoped to be able to have the money.' earn something with her pen, with the ever he wanted a little additional

At last she received a very nice letter from the editor of The Family Bouncer. He said he had been watchsome time past, and that he felt certain she could write a serial if she set her mind to it. Without making any promises he wrote that he hoped she would try, and that she would let him see the results. This letter filled the timorous little heart of Minnie with joy, and she set herself to work to write the long story.

Mrs. Fleming wrote under the name of "Hilda Markham," and the result of the appearance of her first long story was that Greig & Co., the literary agents, wrote to her and offered to place any stories she cared to write at as advantageous prices as the market | before. would afford, for a commission of ten per cent. This offer she accepted, and the results were extremely gratifying to her, whatever they may have been to the editors who had to pay the increased prices.

And this brings us to the point where this story really begins. One editor generally knows pretty well which of his contemporaries, esteemed or otherwise, has the largest circulation, and which has not, and Jim Fleming saw with dismay that the circulation of his own paper was falling rapidly, and that it was evident that his penny publie was drifting over to The Family Bouncer. In investigating the reasons for this he quickly came upon the bald fact that the increase in his rival was largely due to the stories of the new writer, Hilda Markham. So he resolved to get a story from that lady at all hazards, and thus save his own circulation, which was coming down like a man falling from a balloon, eager to bestow the insurance money on his surviving relatives.

It was one of Jim's theories that women have no heads for business, and that of all women in the world his own wife had the least capacity in that direction. He made up his mind that he would go as far as one hundred and fifty pounds sterling for a story by Hilda Markham, and he wrote a letter to her agents opening negotiations for a serial. As it happened, two other editors wrote with a similiar object that same day, and the agents were in the delightful financial position of suddenly finding the demand greater than the supply. So they replied to each of the editors that Miss Markham's next story would be five hundred pounds sterling for serial rights alone. This price took Jim Fleming's breath away, especially as he had been accustomed all these years to fill the paper with his own stuff and with stolen matter from America. It seemed hard that an honest editor should be asked to pay away good money to a mere writer. So he wrote to the agents, expostulating against the exorbitant terms, and was told in reply that they had two other offers for the story, and merely gave him the first chance because his letter happened to be the first one that was opened. The agent intimated that if he wanted the story he should have to make up his mind at once, so that the others might not be kept waiting.

FLEMING'S CLEVER WIFE | Then it was that Jim Fleming went home, worried about the matter, and he was never a man who concealed his irritation when he entered his own house. Poor Minnie Fleming was very much troubled to see her husband in and thus harrow up the reader's feels the state of exasperation that now encompassed him. She asked him timthe curious game of cross-purposes at | idly, to confide his woes to her, and perhaps she might be able to help him out-a suggestion which Jim received | penal servitude. with lofty scorn.

"Is it a money trouble. Jim?" she

nsked "Now, what the dence good would it

"I have a small one," said his wife, trembling as she spoke, for she felt that her secret was in jeopardy. Jim looked up at her quickly.

"A small one!" he said. "Can't you tell me plainly how much money you prison for a new set. have, if you have any?"

yet shown, "how much it is that you

need five hundred pounds sterling. mation. Have you got lty

want it?" "I want it now. That is, I want it | pounds and asked him to provide the

"Then," said his wife with dignity,

morrow or the next day." on the following morning his wife put on her best apparel and was in the city | naturally regarded this as the best insoon after her husband. She never called upon her agent before. All her negotiations had been carried on by for they have just received from the letter. She walked three times past | prison authorities a remittance of one the office before she had the courage to go up the stairs.

"I have brought you here," she said, her hands trembling as she undid the string, for she seemed to have a vegue idea that if she showed him the writing she might have less difficulty to get along with him. "I have brought with me the complete manuscript of the latest novel I have written. I think in the country back of the Cameroon it is better than the last."

"It is sure to be good," said the agent,

ing, "I wanted to know if you would would probably best be described as a advance me five hundred pounds sterl-

"Do you mean that we are to ask that much for the novel?"

"Oh, no, no," said Mrs. Fleming eagerly. "But I promise to write you another one as soon as possible. I need stories round to one after another of the five hundred pounds sterling for a brane is covered with fine hair, lying particular purpose, and I must have it

"Well," said the agent, "we sometimes advance money to authors, and if I could be sure of having all your work for the future I think I might flying mouse in short downward flutthese excursions into the fields of lit- stretch a point in this case and let you | tering. The membrane acts more like

Meanwhile the agent, as soon as she humble desire of helping Jim out, if left the room, called the clerk and said: "Write to James Fleming, of Pot- A curiously developed tail, longer than Shots," that we regret that we are not the animal itself, gives it a peculiar. able to sell him Hilda Markham's story aspect. This tail is covered by tiny for five hundred pounds. The author, tell him, has called upon us and reing her little stories with interest for fused to sell for less than six hundred it ends in a brush. Little is known pounds, although, of course, you may about the mode of life of the idiurus, inform him that if he had taken our | but it feeds mostly on vegetable matoffer when first made, we would have | ter. had to pocket the loss."

As soon as the letter was signed a messenger was sent with it to Fleming. The receipt of it nearly drove that good man wild. He had the announcement of the story in type and wanted to publish it in the next number. He had such little faith in his wife being able to get the money that he had actually forgotten she had promised to do so, and he went home that night in even worse temper than the night

His wife said apologetically to him when he came in:

"I have gotten that five hundred pounds, but would it make any difference to you if I did not give you the check for it until to-morrow?"

"What are you talking about?" he cried, angrily. "If you have the money to-night why should I wait till to-mor-

"I have it in the form of a check," she answered, "and the check I wish to

place in the bank." "I'll warrant the check is not good for anything," said Fleming. "Let me

"I would rather not do that," said his wife. "I will give you the check if you will not ask any questions." "Good heavens!" cried Jim. "I will

ask no questions if you really have the money. Let me see the check." He looked at it for a moment in amazement, and then at his wife. For-

getting his promise, he said: "How in Heaven's name do you come to have a check from Greig & Co.? It is to Greig & Co. that I have to pay five hundred pounds sterling; or rather if I had the money yesterday or to-day it would have been five hundred pounds sterling. Now they have raised me another hundred. They say that Hilda Markham came in to-day and refused to sell her story for less than six hun-

dred pounds sterling."
"Hilda Markham!" cried his wife

faintly. "Yes, Hilda Markham. I am compelled to buy one of her stories or see

our circulation go to pieces." Fleming's wife sat down in an easy chair and there was a twinkle about her eyes that suggested laughter, which

caused Jim to frown deeply. "Jim, dear," said Minnle, "I know you are ever so much more clever than I am, but I really think you don't confide enough in your wife. It would have saved you a good deal of trouble if you had told me just what you wanted. am Hilda Markham, and goodness knows you might have had all the stories I have ever written if you had the bowl. A sufficiency having been wanted them; but now I have signed a contract with Greig for all future novels, and thus, you see, for want of a little confidence between us we shall be paying Greig ten per cent., merely that he may hand my stories to you. Jim, I don't believe you are nearly as wise a man as I always thought you were."-Detroit Free Press.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

How an English Convict Was Led to Make a Confession.

A well-known firm of bankers in London has just made a profitable investment. Some time ago a man who had defrauded them of a large sum of money was taken into custody, convicted and sentenced to a long term of

As may be imagined, says Tit Bits, the prison fare did not agree with a man who had by means of fraud lived on the fat of the land. The change affected him in many ways but he complained more particularly of the effect the food had upon his teeth. They were not numerous or in good condition when he was sentenced and as they rapidly became worse he applied to the governor of the

He was told that the government did "You don't tell me plainly," she and not supply prisoners with artificial swered with more spirit than she had teeth and at the first opportunity he wrote to the banking firm in question, offering, if they would send him a new "Very well," replied Jim, gruffly. "I set, to give them some valuable infor-

Thereupon the bankers, thinking the "No. I have not. How soon do you offer might be a genuine one, sent the governor of the prison a check for five

to-morrow or the next day at the | convict with a set of artificial teeth. In due course the convict kept his promise and sent the bankers certain "I will see if I can get it for you to- information, by means of which they were enabled to recover no less than After Fleming had left for London one thousand five hundred pounds of which they had been defrauded. They vestment they had ever made, but it proved even better than anticipated. pound, the teeth having cost only four pounds.

A MOUSE THAT FLIES.

Discovery of a New Mammal in the Cameroon Country,

A new mammal, previously unknown to natural science, has been discovered by George Zenker, a German colonist coast in equatorial Africa. It has been named the Idiurus Zenkeri by the Berlin museum of natural history, in honor of the discoverer, and in English flying mouse. While somewhat resembling a bat, it certainly belongs to an entirely different species. animal is the size of a mouse, its fur is heavy, gray and soft, and it has a wing membrane extending from the neck all around the body. This memclosely against it. Two peculiarly shaped bones, extending out from behind the forward extremities, lend additional support to the membrane, which is strong enough to support the a parachute than a wing, and the animal is unable to raise itself from the ground by means of its flying apparatus. the animal itself, gives it a peculiar horny scales, between which long, wimper-like hairs are growing out, and

TWO STORIES.

Chauncey Depew Took an Ovation Which Did Not Belong to Him.

The other day Chauncey M. Depew was riding along in a sleeper, when the train came to a stop at Cornell university. There was a big crowd outside and the station platform was lined with yelling college boys. "Speech! speech! speech!" they yelled.

Chauncey smiled. He was used to great ovations but this was more than he expected. He waited modestly for a few minutes for the cries to subside, The yells grew londer. Chauncey got up, put on his best smile and battoned up his coat. He strode out with all the dignity of a great man. He did not know that one of the faculty of Cornell | add. "I never knew his equal." was going off on the train and was being given a rousing send-off by the col-

Depew appeared upon the platform bowing and smiling in every direction. "Young men of Cornell," he began, in his best voice, "you do me the distin-guished honor—" A great cheer went up. Some of the boys recognized him. The fame of the couple traveled and They yelled louder.

Depew continued his speech and thanked them profusely for their reception, gave them some advice and retired. Just at this juncture the train drew out. The departing college professor walked inside and glared at Depew. He is now writing a treatise or,

KAVA DRINKING.

A Peculiar Beverage of the South Sea Islands.

Kava is an indigenous tree, more or less plentiful throughout the South Sea islands, the root of which is employed in the manufacture of the drink. When visitors are present, much ceremony is observed in its preparation. A beautiful round bowl of dark-colored wood is produced, its interior shining with a blue enamellike coating, caused by the deposit of the root. Generally speaking, the best bowl is the property of the village, and much care is taken and time is spent in polishing and preserving the enamel in the interior.

Three young girls, with shining white teeth, chosen usually from the "belles" of the village, seat themselves around the bowl, each having a piece of the kava root. This they proceed to break up into small pieces, and, putting them into their mouths chew the dry root till it is reduced to a pulp, which is placed from time to time in thus prepared, water is poured in and the whole mixture stirred up; bunches of fine fiber are then drawn through the liquid to strain out any small pieces of the root which may remain. The drink is now complete, and is passed around in cups of cocoanut shell to the chiefs and principal people of the assembly in order of rank.

TO GET RICH QUICKLY.

Some Sound Advice for Young Men Going

Among the answers received by the Boston Globe recently to the question "What is the quickest way to get rich?" was the following from Hon. Elijah A. Morse, M. C., of Massachusetts.

"What is the quickest way to get rich?' I understand your inquiry to come from a young person in the morning of life, just starting out for himself in the world, and dependent upon his own resources. The first requisite of success is to establish a reputation for integrity and good character. And these qualifications must be supplemented by ability, industry and persoverance in overcoming untoward obstacles and untoward circumstances. And as a rule in this favored land of ours these qualifications carry in their hand the prestige of victory and success.

"Many young persons enter life with a fear that they will not be appreciated. They couldn't make a greater mistake. I tell you, young man, they will size you up about right, and you will pass for about what you are. I said in addressing the pupils of the Roxbury Latin school a few days since that I didn't underestimate the fact that it was a good thing to be born well; but if I am addressing persons of humble birth and untoward circumstances, if you have the qualities I have mentioned as essential to success, you can rise above the circumstances of your birth.

"Do you want illustrations? Abra ham Lincoln was a rail splitter. Andrew Johnson was a Kentucky tailor, Henry Wilson was a Natick cobler, James A. Garfield drove a horse on a towpath, Nathaniel P. Banks was a bobbin boy in a factory.

"Do you want similar illustrations in business life of men who have risen from poverty to affinence? George W. Childs was a newsboy on the street when young, George Peabody was a store boy, Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine, was a poor mechanic in Cambridge, and died worth millions, and what is of more consequence, he died acknowledged in every land and clime a benefactor of his race; Singer, the inventor of the lockstitch, was a poor mechanic in Bridgeport, and while working on his invention he only allowed himself one meal a day and four hours a night sleep; John Ronch, who as a shipbuilder and master mechanic, rose to stand on the highest pinnacle of worldly honor and fame, came to this country a ragged, barefooted, homeless, friendless Irish boy,

"I have seen young men who thought they could play Jekyll and Hyde, and ride in the smoking car and drink some, and swear some, and go to questionable places, and the people wouldn't know Young man, you are mistaken; read the questions that the Boston banks ask about a young man who is seeking a situation. Young man, young woman, a good character, yes, and a elean religious life, good habits, no drink, no tobacco, no cigarettes, are the foundation stones for success in business.

"My son, with all thy getting, get understanding, get wisdom (Heavenly wisdom, the merchandise whereof is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than pure gold.

"Finally and lastly, in this favored land of ours, above all others, is it true 'that there is no royal road to learning (and wealth), and that honor and shame from no condition rise.' Young man, young woman, set your mark high, enter upon its pursuits at once, persevere."

TALE OF A STRANGE MAN. He and His Wife and Children Revered by Ail the Neighbors.

He was a most remarkable man. Everyone admitted that. His neighbors looked at him with admiration as he passed them on the street, says the Chicago Times-Herald.

"There goes Howers," one of them would say in a tone that showed the respect in which he was held. "Wonderful man," another would

His wife, too was regarded in the same light. She seemed to be considered almost a curiosity. People heard of her and marveled at the stories told.

"No such case was eve. heard of he-

they became known and revered in other neighborhoods. They were used gained the attention of the crowd. He as beautiful examples of what it was possible to do. They were treated as if they were superior beings, who alone had solved a problem that had persistently worried the wisest men of the nineteenth century. And why?

Because they lived, with their children, in a top flat and still held the friendship of the people in the flat immediately below them.

PHOTOGRAPHING A WINK, And Reproducing It on a Big Canvas

Woodville Latham, professor of chemistry at the University of West Virginia, has made an improvement on Edison's kinetoscope. He takes pictures at the rate of forty a second, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, and reproduces them in life size on a screen. Except that the scene takes place in absolute silence the reproduction is very lifelike. With this attachment Prof. Latham has reproduced a wink.

He also reproduced a round of a prize fight lasting twelve minutes, which needs only a little prize-fight slang scattered through the atmosphere to make an exact reproduction of the real. Even the slightest motion can be re produced. The act of snapping the fingers can be photographed four times. Otway Latham has a scene in which a man is smoking a pipe. The smoke from it can be seen on the canvas. A photographer was out one day recently with a street piano player for the purpose of catching children dancing to

the music. That will be reproduced.

An effort will be made to reproduce the

execution of Buchanan, if he is exe-

cuted, for scientific purposes.

CASTORIA

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MOTHERS, Do You Know that Paregrotte

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